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RICHARD WALLACH AND THE TIMES OF HIS MAYORALTY.

By ALLEN C. CLARK.

(Read before the Society, May 15, 1917.)

Wallachia, within the walls of the Transylvanian Alps and the waters of the Danube, once a principality, is now a part of the kingdom of Roumania—the gypsies' Elysium. The Roumanians in recent wars have proven their courage and fortitude. Wallachia had its origin in the thirteenth century. Its people, the Wallachs, claim descent from the Romans and speak their own language, Wallachian. The subject of this sketch said he had the Wallachian source.

Richard Wallach, the father, from Boston came to Alexandria shortly after attaining adult age. He changed Alexandria for Washington. He was an active practitioner of the law. He had his residence on Sixth Street, the east side, and it is now a part of the National Hotel. In the residence was his law office. He built, 1827, the mansion opposite the City Hall, 456 Louisiana Avenue, and there had a law office. He was attorney for the Corporation of Washington. He died, December 3, 1835, in his forty-seventh year, and is interred in the Congressional Cemetery. The press and bar were eulogistic. He was survived by his sons, Richard, William D., Cuthbert P., and Charles S.

Richard Wallach, the son, was born in Alexandria, Virginia, April 3, 1816, at the residence of his grandfather, Colonel Simms. Corra Bacon-Foster, a historian of the Columbia Historical Society, in perfection of literature and accuracy, too, has given the

"Life and Letters of Colo. Charles Simms, Gentleman, of Virginia," with his picture, autograph and what goes with completeness of biography. On his sign was "Chas. Simms, Counselor and Atty-at-Law." He was an officer in the Indian War and in the Revolutionary War. He was of the Virginia Assembly, and a leader in every public enterprise of the bristling city in which he had his home. He had been the Collector of Customs for Alexandria and was the Mayor at the time of the British invasion. He was an honorary pall-bearer of General Washington, and his name stands first in the memorial in Christ Church. He was of the strong men when men of strength were needed to start the nation.

Mrs. Anne Royall, in her report of the trial in which she was the defendant as a common scold, gives a tribute to Master Wallach's youthful chivalry. He was at the time of the incident in his thirteenth year.

"But of all the human beings, Master Wallach was the most attentive. This amiable youth hung over my chair the whole time, with the affection of a son, and with his head bent to my ear, 'What can I do for you, Mrs. R.; tell me what you want, I will do it for you.'"

Richard entered Columbian College. An account gives it that he graduated with high honors; another account has it that he was impatient to begin the study of law and did not complete the collegiate course. Before attaining age he studied law in his father's office, and finished his studies in the office of Joseph H. Bradley.¹ Mr. Bradley and he were the administrators of the personal estate of Wallach, Senior.

In the minutes of the Circuit Court, April 2, 1836, is that William Cranch, Chief Judge, and Buckner Thruston were present, and that "Richard Wallach,

¹ Fellow students in Mr. Bradley's office were Philip Barton Key and George C. Thomas.



RICHARD WALLACH.

esquire, is this day admitted as an Attorney and Counsellor of this court on motion of F. S. Key, esq., United States Attorney for this District." Examined and admitted at the same time were Henry May and Charles Lee Jones, to become distinguished in the profession.

Mr. Wallach was quickly in life a participant in politics. He championed the Whig cause. He was active for Clay in 1844 and for Taylor in 1848. He caught the favor of the citizens and in his thirtieth year was a law-maker. He was a Common Councilman from June, 1846, two years, and represented the Fourth Ward.

Mr. Wallach's honors ascended and he presented a commission of which this is the court record:

"Monday, October 15th, 1849.

"Present, William Cranch, Chief Judge. The Hon. James S. Morsell, James Dunlop, Assistant Judges.

"Richard Wallach Esqr. produced a Commission from the President of the United States, appointing him Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia during the pleasure of the President of the United States and until the end of the next Session of the Senate of the United States and no longer—date 28 June, 1849. . . ."

He was confirmed December 4, 1849. It was the pleasure of the President, Mr. Pierce, that no longer Mr. Wallach be the Marshal and named a successor in 1853.

The Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia was like unto the Lord High Constable of England, the seventh officer from the crown. The Marshal was responsible for the person of the President when at the seat of government. Under the law the Marshal for the District of Columbia was the Mar-

shal of the Supreme Court of the United States, and hence the supreme Marshal of the Federal Marshals. Thus it appears Mr. Wallach held a most dignified and exalted position. On state occasions he was the master of the ceremonies and he first gave and received the bend as the guest was ushered to the august presence of the Chief Magistrate. In the grand parade, he, on a horse proudly pawing and prancing, came before all—the bands with piercing horns and resounding drums, the mighties in fine carriages and the ranks in pretty uniforms. When he came in view the multitudes which lined the avenue had their expectations rewarded.

Mr. Wallach and Walter Lenox kept bachelors' hall at the latter's house at the intersection of Sixth and D Streets and Louisiana Avenue. At Marshall Brown's wedding Mr. Wallach was a guest. Said the groom, unselfish in matrimonial happiness, to his guest: "Dick, why don't you select a bride from among these fine ladies?" Replied the bachelor Dick: "No, I will wait until you have a daughter and when she grows up I will marry her." Thursday was the evening and April was the month and 1856 the year when and the Metropolitan Hotel the place where Richard Wallach, Esq., proudly stood with Rosa, his bride,

"In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride"

to her with this ring endow. The Rev. George Cummins officiated in the Episcopalian form. Marriage bells may not have rung that evening, yet the clatter of the plates and the tinkle of the glasses made as madly merry music at the feast the smiling father of the bride—the boniface of the hotel—gave to the wedding party. The bride was seventeen and the groom was forty. At that day a bachelor of forty was a nasty old

bachelor and entitled every bit to all the execration of the unpaired maidens.

Dickens has described a spirited contest between the parties, the Blues and the Buffs. Dickens' election had vim and vigor and suggests an election for Mayor in Washington. It was ward meetings and mass meetings; serenades and speeches; torchlight processions with banners and transparencies; newspaper laudation and damnation. In the open spaces about the city were high poles with streamers waving a standard-bearer's name. The ballot boxes closed, the votes counted, the partisans of the elect gathered at his house called for a speech and shouted themselves hoarse every time the elect halted for a breath. And the boys (at that time much less removed from savagery than at present) entered into the spirit of the triumph and without knowing who was elected, and not caring, celebrated by great bonfires from boxes taken from the merchants' shop-doors and brought in the wagon they had borrowed without the owner's consent, and which (the wagon) sometimes as a climax they pushed over the consuming flames.

James G. Berret and Richard Wallach were rivals for the favor of the citizens on election day. Both were popular and evenly so. At the election for Mayor, June 7, 1858, Mr. Berret was the Anti-Know Nothing and Democratic candidate; Mr. Wallach was the Independent candidate. The official count gave Mr. Berret 3,689, Mr. Wallach 3,109. The *Daily National Intelligencer*, in its résumé, has: "The election yesterday proves that rowdyism is not yet subdued in this city, and that, notwithstanding the unusual police arrangements made, ruffians did, to some extent, exert an influence deleterious to the prosperity of the city, and preventive of public sentiment in the matter of depositing votes."

In the Mayoralty contest, next ensuing, June 4, 1860, Mr. Berret had as the Democratic candidate 3,434, Mr. Wallach as the Opposition 3,410. The *Intelligencer* charged the same disorder as two years previous.

Mr. Wallach, while his successful rival was receiving the plaudits, was preparing a letter "To the Public of Washington," in which he informed the "Fellow Citizens" that the opposition had been guilty in the election of every species of fraud ever devised (which he specified), and notified them that he intended an appeal to the Circuit Court and complained that he was driven from his dwelling.

For the Peace Commissioners the City Councils secured Willard's Concert Hall and through the Mayor offered it, February 1, 1861, directing the communication to Ex-President Tyler, the Commission's president. The proprietors, Messrs. Joseph C. and Henry A. Willard, with a highly creditable public spirit, with haste tendered it to the city government, and upon the Commission's adjournment declined to accept pay. The *Daily National Intelligencer*, February 4, 1861, had: "We need not remind our readers that this is the day fixed for the meeting in this city of the Commissioners appointed by many of the Southern and Northern States with a view to the adjustment of the unhappy controversy which already threatens our Union with total disruption." The Commission had the best minds of the country, yet it could not devise an acceptable compromise.

The Potomac was a division line of the sections at war. So close was the Executive Mansion to that line that from its northern shore a stone thrown with a sling-shot might almost hit it. Members of families separated in their residences by the river made it the dividing line of their sympathies—brothers north of

the line went to war in suits of blue and brothers south of it in suits of gray.

Saturday morning, February 23, 1861, shortly before six, Mr. Seward was pacing the lobby of the Willard. His actions were mildly mysterious. When the bus arrived the mystery was over. From it alighted the tall figure of Abraham Lincoln. Mrs. Lincoln, with three sons, came the same day in the regular five o'clock train.

The Wide-Awakes went on to Baltimore to welcome Mr. Lincoln. Wide-Awakes implies a vigilance which forestalls being caught napping. Arrived at Baltimore, they were told Mr. Lincoln is already in Washington. "No," said the Wide-Awakes, "you can't fool us, No Siree, Bob. Not on your life. We are here to greet Uncle Abe and we are going to do it."

Mayor Berret was applied to on the following Monday morning for a copy of the speech he *would* have made to Mr. Lincoln at the cars on Saturday afternoon if the reception had not been nipped. Mayor B. laughingly replied he would comply with the request with pleasure if Mr. Richard Wallach (who was the President of the Police Board) would consent to furnish his draught of the route programme Mr. Lincoln *would* have followed had those same ceremonies come off.

That first day would have been a strenuous day for any man except Mr. Lincoln. At eleven o'clock he, with Mr. Seward, called unexpectedly on President Buchanan. The President was with the cabinet. He received the President-elect and Mr. Seward privately and at the conclusion of the chat introduced them to his constitutional advisers.

The Illinois delegation, headed by Stephen A. Douglass, came at 2:30 o'clock. Then there was an interview with General Winfield Scott, whom Mr. Lincoln thanked

for the escort to the Capital City and other courtesies. Among the callers was the venerable Frank P. Blair and his son, Montgomery Blair. At six o'clock the Secretary of the Peace Congress presented a communication requesting an appointment that day to pay its respects. At seven he went to dine with Mr. Seward and before nine was at the hotel. At nine came the Peace Commission. The members formed a procession with Ex-President Tyler and Governor Chase, of Ohio, in advance.

After this reception came a large number of citizens. Then Mr. Lincoln was informed that the main parlors and ante-rooms were filled with ladies who desired to pay their respects. He underwent the ordeal with great good humor. At ten o'clock Mr. Buchanan's cabinet called to offset the courtesy of the forenoon.

On the next day Mr. Lincoln, with Mr. Seward, unobtrusively slipped into pew number 1, St. John's Church, which is right before the chancel. Not a dozen persons were aware of the President-elect's presence. Unknowingly the Rev. Pyne Smith to him preached an inspiring sermon and made a selection of marked appropriateness in the Psalm. It is reported that on this occasion "Mr. Lincoln was dressed in plain black clothes, with black whiskers and hair well trimmed, and was pronounced by such as recognized him as a different man entirely from the hard-looking pictorial representations seen of him. Some of the ladies say in fact he is almost good looking." One might think the people at Washington expected there was coming to the White House a collection of uncouths from the apologetic comment. About the first paragraph of Mrs. Lincoln is: "The peep afforded at Mrs. Lincoln in passing from the carriage to the hotel, presented a comely, matronly, lady-like face, bearing an unmis-

takable air of goodness, strikingly the opposite of the ill-natured portraits of her by the pens of some of the sensation letter-writers." And so of the eldest son: "Especially mistaken were those who expected to see in the young Robert, a pert, b'hoyish character, for, as far as externals go, he seemed every way prepossessing, quiet, unassuming and amiable."

The Mayor and the Boards of Aldermen and Common Council, February 27, 1861, from the City Hall in a body proceeded to the Executive Mansion, in the east room of which at two o'clock they were received by President Buchanan.

MAYOR BERRET'S SPEECH.

"*Mr. President:* The joint resolution adopted by a unanimous vote of the Boards of Aldermen and Common Council of the city of Washington, and which I have the honor to present to you so fully expresses the respect and regard which they entertain towards you, that it only remains for me to say on behalf of my fellow-citizens—and in which I cordially share—that in your retirement on Monday next from the highest station known to a republican form of government, you will carry to your native State and home the gratitude of this community for the many acts of social kindness received at your hands, and the deep interest you have ever taken to advance the city's material interests; their and my own best wishes for your health and happiness."

REPLY OF THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the Corporation: I reciprocate with all my heart towards yourselves the kind wishes you have expressed for me when about to take leave of the city of Washington. But I must say a few words more. I came to this city a member of the House of Representatives in December, 1821. A period of nearly forty years has elapsed since that time, during which, without a single exception, I have been

treated with the utmost kindness and respect by the citizens of Washington. Your fathers have treated me in the same manner that you have done. Among those who are now present I do not recognize a single individual whom I then knew, with but a single exception. (Gen Force.) But good will towards me has descended from father to son, and I feel the greatest gratification in knowing and believing that I am so kindly appreciated, as I think I deserve to be at least by them."

The city authorities, after their farewell with President Buchanan, made at Willard's a welcome to the President-elect.

MAYOR BERRET :

"*Mr. Lincoln:* As the President elect, under the Constitution of the United States, you are soon to stand in the august presence of a great nation of freemen, and enter upon the discharge of the duties of the highest public trust known to our form of government, and under circumstances menacing the peace and permanency of the Republic, which have no parallel in the history of our country. It is our earnest wish that you may be able, as we have no doubt that you will, to perform the duties in such a manner as shall restore power and harmony to our now distracted country, and finally bring the old ship into a harbor of safety and prosperity, thereby deservedly securing the universal plaudits of the whole world. I avail myself, sir, of this occasion, to say that the citizens of Washington, true to the instincts of constitutional liberty, will ever be found faithful to all the obligations of patriotism, and as their chief magistrate, and in accordance with the honored usage, I bid you welcome to the seat of government."

MR. LINCOLN :

"*Mr. Mayor:* I thank you, and through you the municipal authorities of this city who accompany you, for this welcome. And as it is the first time in my life, since the present phase of politics has presented itself in this country, that I have said anything publicly within a region of country where the

institution of slavery exists, I will take this occasion to say that I think very much of the ill feeling that existed and still exists between the people in the section from whence I came and the people here is dependent upon a misunderstanding of one another. I therefore avail myself of this opportunity to assure you, Mr. Mayor, and all the gentlemen present, that I have not now, and never have had, any other than as kindly feelings towards you as to the people of my own section. I have not now, and never have had, any disposition to treat you in any respect otherwise than as my own neighbors. I have not now any purpose to withhold from you any of the benefits of the Constitution, under any circumstances, that I would not feel myself constrained to withhold from my own neighbors; and I hope, in a word, that when we shall become better acquainted—and I say it with great confidence—we shall like each other better. I thank you for the kindness of this reception.”

Mr. Lincoln was easy of access. He denied himself to nobody. He responded to all delegations without regard to personal convenience. The Wigwams and an enthusiastic crowd, March 1st, at Willard’s called for “Lincoln.” He appeared at a window. The cheering indicated more was expected. Having no balcony to stand upon, he stepped out upon the window sill and held on by the window blinds as he spoke.

From the account of the first levee, Friday, March 9:

“But the downright serious hard work of the evening was that performed by President Lincoln, who for more than two hours (*i. e.*, from quarter past eight o’clock till half past ten) shook hands in right good earnest with all comers, at the rate of twenty-five per minute, (as timed by a gentleman in his vicinity) or one thousand five hundred per hour.

“The last scene of the levee was a tragic one. The mob of coats, hats and caps left in the hall had somehow got inextricably mixed up and misappropriated, and perhaps not one in ten of that large assemblage emerged with the same outer

garments they wore on entering. Some thieves seem to have taken advantage of the opportunity to make a grand sweep, and a very good business they must have done. Some of the victims utterly refusing to don the greasy, kinky apologies for hats left on hand, tied up their heads in handkerchiefs and so wended their way sulkily homeward."

Witnesses to this scene of confusion were the President's guests, "Richard Wallach and lady."

An incident of the second levee, two weeks later, is related to illustrate Mr. Lincoln's promptness with pat response. A gentleman in the crowd passing by remarked to the President that he was a Tennessean, from Memphis, which called forth, heartily, from Mr. Lincoln, "Well, Tennessee's all right."

The declaration of war was overhanging. It was in the air that the President might be assassinated. The "President's Mounted Guard" was organized under the command of the Kansas terror, General Jim Lane. A handsome young Southerner, an employe in the Treasury Department, at once enlisted. A woman of Union sympathy, an acquaintance, went to him immediately.

SHE: "I thought you were a Southerner?"

HE: "And so I am."

"Then what are you doing in the President's Mounted Guards?"

"Oh! I think it is just as well to be near your Old Abe in case we want to get rid of him. There are several of us from below the Mason and Dixon line in that troop."

The woman informed her husband and he informed Jim Lane; and Jim Lane was for discovering him and hanging him up as an effective example. The woman declined to divulge the identity, notwithstanding threats. The case was presented to the President and

in his great magnanimity he applauded the woman. She reported to the young man what had transpired. He in chivalric acknowledgment resigned. "I cannot betray such a man."²

Appeared, April 15, 1861, the proclamation calling for 75,000 militia from the several states of the Union.

The writer does not deal with the Civil War. The mention of it is incidental. To deal with it would be a paper interminable. In the city was warlike appearance all the while. The blue-uniformed were incessantly going to and coming from the front. At all hours one could

"hear the drum
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife."

It is because of the determination to avoid war history that the writer cannot give more celebrity to his uncle, Captain George Clark, Jr., in command of Massachusetts volunteers. The volunteers at Baltimore disagreeably encountered the mob, but in the purlieus of Washington enjoyed the ease of camp life. Exactly three months from the passing through the city, they passed through it again—all the way from Bull Run. The volunteers and the volunteers' captain could not think "of being taken by the insolent foe"; and only to take breath they lingered at Bladensburg a few days and then continued the going.

Lewis Clephane had been appointed Postmaster. His friends, May 15, 1861, made it an occasion for a serenade. They decided the President should share the joyousness and proceeded to invade the Executive Mansion. He appeared at an upper window.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for this compliment which you have paid me, and which I take it is designed as an expression of your approbation at my appointment of your City Postmaster. In so far as you sympathize with that worthy gentle-

² Susan Edson Briggs, *Washington Times*, February 9, 1902.

man upon his appointment, I sympathize with him and you. But I cannot forget that this question like all others has two sides to it. I cannot but remember that there are a number of exceedingly clever gentlemen who have not been appointed Postmaster."

Susan Edson Briggs, in the *Washington Times*, February 9, 1902, says:

"I remember early one morning an alarm of fire was turned in from Willard's Hotel. Colonel Ellsworth . . . simply called out: 'Boys, there is a fire in Willard's Hotel, I want fifty or sixty of you to go up there and look after it.' About a hundred of these nondescript soldiers started up the Avenue, impressing into service every horse and wagon they met on the way. Arriving at Willard's a number of them performed one of the most remarkable acrobatic feats I have ever witnessed. The man climbed upon the shoulders of a gigantic fellow, who braced himself against the wall of the burning building. Another climbed upon the shoulders of the second, and so on, until they had formed a rope of humanity reaching to the upper floor of the hotel, where the fire was raging. Up this ladder of bodies they passed buckets of water, and in a short while the fire was under control."

A published subscription for the saving services of Colonel Ellsworth's Zouaves, May 17, 1861, indicates about the date of the fire. Ellsworth organized his corps from the laddies who ran the fires in New York City.

Of the flag-raising in which the President participated only this is mentioned, Fourth of July, 1861. A flagstaff had been erected at the south front of the U. S. Treasury. The national colors were presented to the city of Washington by the Union Committee of New York. The President said:

"The part assigned me is to raise the flag, which, if there be no fault in the machinery, I will do, and when up, it will be for the people to keep it up."

Suspicion was like the atmosphere in Washington during the early days of the secession. The sympathies of a great majority of the citizens were with the Union. Any circumstance which indicated disloyalty was not overlooked. It was to be unmistakably on one side or the other, and there was not an inch for neutrals.

The act of Congress for the creation of the Metropolitan Police provided for five commissioners with the Mayors of Washington and Georgetown, *ex officio*; three commissioners from the city of Washington, one from Georgetown and one from the county.

At the organization, August 19, 1861, in the City Hall, each of the commissioners presented an oath of office except Mayor Berret, who declined so to do on the plea that the oath which he had taken as Mayor was sufficient. At the meeting, August 22, was read the opinion of the Attorney-General, Edward Bates, to the effect that the oath attaches to every member of the Board of Police. The Mayor expressed a willingness to take the oath by the act of Congress, but not that formulated by the Interior Department and subscribed to by his fellow members. Mr. Wallach was elected president.

Mr. Berret, August 23, submitted the written opinion of James M. Carlisle, Corporation Attorney, that the Mayors were not obliged to take any oath to qualify. After the reading, Mayor Berret declared his purpose not to take any new oath of office. The other members unanimously passed a resolution that the Mayor was not qualified to act. The Mayor made a valedictory in his best style.

The hair-splitting of Mr. Berret put him under suspicion of disloyalty. The only impression his refusal to subscribe to the oath could have made was that it

was too strong to accord with his inclination. The refusal gave rise to added suspicion and "rumor says, we know not how truly, that in the 'contraband' correspondence taken from the Leonardtown stage a day or two since, were letters implicating Mayor Berret and others." Mayor Berret left the sitting at the Police Board about seven o'clock P. M. During the night, without a single resident of the neighborhood aware of the happening, he, at his residence on H Street, was arrested.

Mayor Berret and his guards in citizens' dress reached the depot at six o'clock in the morning. Such of his friends as got scent of the arrest came to bid goodby.

"Mayor Berret put the best face possible on his position, but it was quite evident to those who saw him that his cheerfulness was forced, and that he appeared 'to have something on his mind.' "

The City Councils in Joint Convention, August 26, 1861, elected Mr. Wallach Mayor. The vote was: Richard Wallach 18, William W. Seaton 14, Philip R. Fendall 1. Upon the declaration of the result of the vote, Mr. Wallach in part said:

"I feel the exigencies have called me to the position never before experienced in the history of this city, and I hope that the Mayor will be able soon to exculpate himself and return to the city, when I pledge myself to vacate the office to which I have been elevated immediately. . . . I have already filled the highest position in the District, in the gift of the Executive, and now have reached this pinnacle under circumstances which no other ever had, yet I shall exert myself to the utmost to ensure the prosperity of the city and in the maintenance of the Union and government of the United States."

In the *Star*, September 13, 1861:

"We learn that yesterdays' mail carried to New York an order from the Department of State directing the release of James G. Berret, late Mayor of the Federal Metropolis, from his present confinement in Fort Lafayette." (New York Harbor.)

"This order is on condition that he takes the oath of allegiance to the United States against any and all enemies whatsoever, and also resigns the office of Mayor."

Through the conduit of the State Department Mr. Berret, by communication dated Fort Hamilton, September 14, 1861, resigned the mayoralty. He returned to the city the 16th. The Corporation Attorney, Joseph H. Bradley, gave the opinion "that Mr. Wallach must fill the office for the remainder of the term, as though he had in terms been elected to do so."

Mr. Berret, in a communication to the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, March 29, 1866, asseverates his loyalty, although he could not accept the dogmas of the Republican party. He charges that his imprisonment in a government fortress was inexcusable and he was the victim of the prevalent distrust. The President and his Cabinet acknowledged the error and to atone, offered him a colonelcy in the Army with the privilege of a position on the staff of the General-in-Chief. Mr. Berret incorporates a letter dated April 17, 1862, and directed to the President, declining to accept the nomination as commissioner under an enactment for the abolition of slavery in the District; however, he advises the President the appointment constitutes to him a public recognition of his vindication.³

³ James Gabriel Berret. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, February 12, 1815. Member of House of Delegates of Maryland, 1837-'39. Clerk in Register of Treasury, Washington City, 1839-'48. Chief Clerk of Pension

Because it was accredited to be hostile, the estimate of the English press heightens the praise. *Liverpool Post*, October 20, 1863:

"Absolute truth, stern resolution, clear insight, solemn faithfulness, courage that cannot be daunted, hopefulness that cannot be dashed, these are qualities that go a long way to make up a hero, whatever side the possessor of them may take in any lawful conflict. And it would not be easy to dispute Mr. Lincoln's claim to all these. He has never given up a good servant, or a sound principle. He has never shut his eyes to facts or remained in ignorance of them. He has never hesitated to do his work, or faltered in doing it. No resolution has remained *in nubibus* with him because it was a strong one. No measure has been adopted merely because something must be done. The exigencies of a fanatical wave have never betrayed him into fanaticism, and sharp stings of satire have never drawn from him an explanation of ill-humor, or even an imprudent rejoinder."

It was upon a call of a delegation coming from Baltimore when Mr. Lincoln had been renominated that he made the often-quoted remark:

"But I don't allow myself to suppose that either the Convention or the League have concluded to decide that I am either the greatest or best man in America, but rather they have concluded that it is not best to swap horses while crossing the river, and have further concluded that I am not so poor a horse that they might not make a botch of it in trying to swap."

It was at this gathering that President Lincoln, to the Bureau, 1848-'49. Postmaster of Washington City, 1853-'58. Mayor of Washington, 1858-'61. Regent, *ex officio*, Smithsonian Institution. Appointed Commissioner on Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, 1862. Member of Washington Police Board, 1875-'77. Elector for Maryland and President of Electoral College, 1888. Member of Maryland Legislature and Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means, 1891. First Vice-President of Washington Monument Society.

information that a flattering picture of him had been presented to the Illinois delegation, replied:

"I suppose he (A. B. Sloanaker, of Pennsylvania) made it from my principles, not my beauty."

President Lincoln to the 166th Ohio Regiment, August 22, 1864, in part:

"I almost always feel inclined, when I happen to say anything to soldiers, to impress upon them, in a few brief remarks, the importance of success in this contest. It is not merely for today, but for all time to come, that we should perpetuate for our childrens' children this great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. I beg you to remember this, not merely for my sake, but for yours. I happen, temporarily, to occupy the White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has. It is in order that each of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise and intelligence. That you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations. It is for this the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthright. Not only for one, but for two or three years, the nation is worth fighting for to secure such an inestimable jewel."

Mr. Lincoln, although courageous, was never overconfident. In defeat he was not vindictive. His ambition was minor; his concern for the country major. Of the President's speech when serenaded by the loyal Marylanders, October 20, 1864, is:

"I therefore say that, if I shall live, I shall remain President until the 4th of next March, and that whoever shall be constitutionally elected therefor in November shall be duly installed as President on the 4th of March and that in the interval I shall do my utmost that whoever is to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the best possible chance of saving the ship."

November 9, 1864, in the morning at half-past one, President Lincoln was aroused by Pennsylvania serenaders. At the window he spoke:

"I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but while deeply gratified for this mark of confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one. But I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

Mr. Lincoln, November 10, 1864, spoke of the disagreeable incidents of a popular election and declared, with all the defects, elections are essential to the maintenance of government.

"But the election was a necessity. We cannot have free government without elections; and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men in this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good.

"Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this, as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged.

"But the election, along with its incidental and undesirable strife, has done good too. It has demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election in the midst of a great civil war. Until now, it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows also how sound and strong we still are. It shows that, even among candidates of the same party, he who is most devoted to the Union, and most opposed to treason, can receive most of the

people's votes. It shows also, to the extent yet known, that we have more men now than we had when the war began. Gold is good in its place, but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold."

President Lincoln's second inaugural address, with the concluding paragraph which begins "With malice towards none, with charity for all," contains but five hundred and eighty-five words. It is a masterpiece of literature. In the review of it by the *London Spectator*, of the final paragraph it says:

"No statesmen ever uttered words stamped at once with the seal of so deep a wisdom or so true a simplicity."

At the conclusion of the delivery of the address the President kissed the thirty-four young women, and beautiful, of course, who in costume on the stand represented the thirty-four states which composed the Union. None of the fair participants have been interviewed, in fact, none of them even by name are known to the writer, to learn what impression was made upon them by their part. It is known, however, that the thirty thousand spectators laughed as the President in turn stooped to press his lips upon each sweet standard-bearer.

The first Inaugural Ball was in a temporary building in Judiciary Square. It was built alongside of the City Hall, and entered through it. It had two rooms, each 60 by 250 ft. Next to the City Hall was the ball-room and from that was the entrance into the supper-room.

The second Inaugural Ball was in the long north hall of the Patent Office, heretofore used for patriotic purposes. It surpassed in its appointments any previous ball. The President did not attend. A note of it is that Captain Robert Lincoln, of General Grant's

staff, escorted the beautiful daughter of Senator Harlan. Three years after, it could have read Captain and Mrs. Robert Lincoln.

The next day to the surrender at Appomattox, which was on Sunday, April 9, John W. Thompson, with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, organized an impromptu celebrating parade, which called upon the President and caught him in the preparation of an address which was delivered the evening following and to be his last. The President never refused to speak. How he cleverly side-stepped the giving away of his thunder until the discharge should have its effect, his *ex tempore* exhibits:

"I am very much rejoiced, my friends, in the fact that an occasion so pleasurable that the people find it impossible to refrain from giving vent to their feelings. I suppose that arrangements are being made for a formal demonstration either this or tomorrow evening. Should such demonstration take place I, of course, will be expected to respond, if called upon, and if I permit you to dribble all out of me now, I will have nothing to say on that occasion.

"I observe that you have a band of music with you. I propose having this interview closed by the band performing a particular tune, which I shall name. Before this is done, however, I wish to mention one or two little circumstances connected with it.

"I have always thought that 'Dixie' was one of the best tunes I had ever heard. Our adversaries over the way, I know, have attempted to appropriate it, but I insist that on yesterday we fairly captured it. I referred the question to the Attorney General and he gave it as his legal opinion that it is now our property. I now ask the band to favor us with its performance."

On the news of the fall of Richmond, in the public buildings was impromptu speech-making. Mayor Wallach spoke at one of the meetings.

General Weitzel telegraphed April 3, 1865, 11 A. M.: "We took Richmond at 8:15 this morning." The next evening, by the direction of the Secretary of State, the government buildings were illuminated. The Army headquarters and the hospitals and public local buildings and many private residences were lighted highly, too. The successive successes brought other glorifications of light. The climax of illumination was the celebration of the 13th. Says the *Star*:

"The grand display last night by the people of Washington was infinitely creditable to the patriotic public spirit. It would have been creditable indeed to the great commercial cities in which wealth of a single block exceeds all in Washington."

The writer saw in his searches the expression that J. Wilkes Booth was the handsomest man she ever saw. Rev. Dr. Richard B. Garrett, of Portsmouth, Virginia, who witnessed his passing away and has recorded his last words, says of his personal appearance: "He was a handsome man, with clear-cut features and a head crowned with a shock of beautiful black hair." Booth, announced as "the distinguished tragedian," made his début before a Washington audience in "Richard the Third," April 11, 1863. He was, the same year, the proprietor of The Washington Theater (Eleventh and C Streets). This theatrical venture was a financial failure. His personal disappointment and the disappointment of his secession sympathy overthrew the balance of his mind.

The scene of assassination is told in confiction. The account of Myron M. Parker will be accepted as correct. The *Washington Post*, February 19, 1917:

"*Editor Post*: The *Post* has published a letter written by James S. Knox, a Princeton graduate, to his father two days after the assassination of President Lincoln.

"From my recollection of this sad event it contains many inaccuracies, which prompts me to give my recollection of the event. "I was occupying a seat in the orchestra in the seventh row near the box occupied by the President. Immediately following the shot Booth jumped from the box to the stage, falling partly on one side as he struck the stage. (It was afterward discovered he sprained his ankle.) He at once regained his feet and shouting '*Sic semper tyrannis*,' rushed behind the scenes. I saw no one from the audience follow him on the stage, nor was there any screaming or 'uproar.' No one shouted 'Kill him,' 'Hang him,' nor were any seats torn up,' as alleged by Mr. Knox.

"Mr. Knox says 'Mrs. Lincoln on her knees uttered shriek after shriek at the feet of the dying President'. I heard no 'shriek' from the box, and if Mrs. Lincoln had been on her knees it would have been impossible for Mr. Knox to have seen her.

"The facts are there was no undue commotion. The large audience seemed awestruck and spellbound. Some emotional person did call out that the theater was on fire, but this created no excitement, as some gentleman on the stage assured the audience that there was no cause for alarm. The audience then moved out of the theatre in the usual orderly manner.

"When I reached the door President Lincoln was being carried out. I was so near I could look down in his pale, sad face. As every one knows, Mr. Lincoln was carried across the street to 516 Tenth street, where he breathed his last.

"Through the efforts of the Washington Memorial Association, of which the late Chief Justice Fuller was president, the late Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, vice president, the late James E. Fitch, treasurer, and myself, secretary, an act of Congress was passed, authorizing the purchase of the building by the government, and it now contains the Oldroyd Lincoln collection, a rare and valuable collection that ought to be purchased by the government.

"MYRON M. PARKER.

"1418 F street northwest."

On the morrow of the assassination everywhere was the drapery of mourning. The draping began early in the morning and in the course of the day no house was there that made a break in the emblem of grief.

"King Andy," in derision, they called him. A distinguished Washingtonian (Simon Wolf, 1917) has titled the seven Senators who dissented from their party to vote against impeachment, "the Seven Immortals."⁴ Upon Andrew Johnson rests a shadow of criticism. The historian will clear it and there will rest a halo of commendation. In a most trying time of our history, the time of the readjustment between the warring sections, was the Johnson administration. It was a time that no party could be pleased except with unfair partiality. Of an excitable nature, during his Presidency he held himself to calmness. He acted with firmness and without favor. His measures were moderate and wise. He was a Spartan in incorruptibility. To reëlect a friend Senator from Pennsylvania, it was suggested that he appoint two persons who had agreed to contribute five thousand dollars. Said Mr. Johnson: "I am most anxious to have Senator Cowan returned to the Senate, but I cannot entertain such a proposition"—and he signed and offered his check for the amount stated.⁵

"TO JAMES T. FIELDS:

"BALTIMORE, Sunday, February 9, 1868.

"*My dear Fields:* . . .

"I was very much surprised by the President's face and manner. It is, in its way, one of the most remarkable faces I have ever seen. Not imaginative but very powerful in its

⁴ James Dixon, Conn., James R. Doolittle, Wis., Wm. Pitt Fessenden, Maine, James W. Grimes, Iowa, John B. Henderson, Mo., Edmund G. Ross, Kansas, Lyman Trumbull, Ill.

⁵ John F. Coyle in *Washington Post*, April 28, 1901.

firmness (or perhaps obstinacy), strength of will, and steadiness of purpose. There is a reticence in it too, curiously at variance with that first unfortunate speech of his. A man not to be turned or trifled with. A man (I should say) who must be killed to be got out of the way. His manners, perfectly composed. We looked at one another pretty hard. There was an air of chronic anxiety upon him. But not a crease or a ruffle in his dress, and his papers were as composed as himself. . . .

“Ever, my dear Fields,

“Your affectionate friend,

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

The Grand Review.—One hundred and fifty thousand passed in the lines.

The time, May 23 and 24, 1865. In the stand in front of the Executive Mansion were President Johnson and General Grant.

The First Day.—The Army of the Potomac, General George G. Meade at the head. Then Brevet-Major General George A. Custer in the command of cavalry.

“A decidedly exciting feature of the first day was what appeared to be a runaway of General Custer’s horse, though many people say now that the mad dash past the presidential reviewing stand was but a little trick of the general’s to show his ability as an equestrian and his mastery of the horse. . . . As Custer turned from 15th Street into the avenue and faced west in the direction of the reviewing stands, his horse suddenly reared, pawed the air a moment and then started wildly up the thoroughfare. The sidewalks were banked with humanity, but from curb to curb there was a clear open space, and as the horse tore along, seemingly beyond control, Custer assuredly created a wild sensation. His hat blew off and his long yellow hair streamed in the wind, while the ends of his red scarf floated behind him like a pair of homebound pennants, Men shouted and women shrieked, all expecting that a tragedy was about to be enacted before their very eyes; that the general would be dashed to pieces or the animal would charge

the crowd with dire results. But Custer had no idea of losing his valuable life, nor did he intend to work injury to any of those awestricken people. "When he had gone a little beyond 17th Street he brought his horse down on his haunches, then turned and rode back. When he reached his hat he stooped gracefully and picked it up, placing it upon his head. By this time the head of the cavalry column had reached him and he wheeled into his proper position. As he passed the President he saluted calmly as though nothing had happened. Those who witnessed his brilliant display of horsemanship cheered him to the echo. He smiled upon all, and, taking off his hat, bowed to the right and left."—*The Evening Star*. October 8, 1902.

The Second Day.—At the head General William Tecumseh Sherman, accompanied by General O. O. Howard. Army of the Tennessee, Major-General John A. Logan in command. Army of Georgia, Major-General Henry W. Slocum in command.

General Sherman has in his "Memoirs":

"As I neared the brickhouse opposite the lower corner of Lafayette Square some one asked me to notice Mr. Seward, who, still feeble and bandaged from his wounds, had been removed there that he might behold the troops. I moved in that direction and took off my hat to Mr. Seward, who sat in an upper window. He recognized the salute, returned it and then we rode on steadily past the President, saluting with our swords."

The parade was a chain of comicalities. The soldiers were not slicked up for parade; many of them carried odd camp utensils and many had pet animals perched upon their knapsacks.

In the election for Mayor, June 2, 1862, Mr. Wallach, Unconditional Union, received 3,850 votes; James F. Haliday, Unconditional Democrat, 958.

That evening at the serenade Mr. Wallach said:

“He would not close his remarks without saying though not a member of the Republican or any other party than the Old Whig party, no man more thoroughly endorsed the policy and his administration, for the suppression of the rebellion than he did. He had known President Lincoln long and well, and knew him to be a single-minded patriot, bent only on restoring the Union under its time-honored Constitution, and therefore deserving the sympathy and assistance of all truly loyal men.”

The election for Mayor, June 6, 1864, had Mr. Wallach again the candidate of the Unconditional Unions. Mr. John H. Semmes was the candidate of the Independent Unions. The respective vote was 3,366 and 2,373. The *Star* has of this election:

“Throughout the day the contest was conducted with animation on both sides, though with commendable good feeling between the partizans of the respective candidates for the mayoralty, both being admitted to be estimable gentlemen, and both well fitted to grace the position in question.”

The Mayor’s address, June 13, 1864, has:

“The beginning of the municipal year finds the nation still rent by civil war and discord, the General Government compelled to make exactions upon the means of all who desire a perpetuation of free institutions, and our city, in common with the rest of the loyal portion of the country, has been called on to bear her proportion of the burden.

Happily, the alacrity with which our young men volunteered on the first and greatest moment of danger to the nation’s city reduced the claim of the Federal Government upon us, and through the appropriation of money by the last Councils, the liberality of its citizens, and the energy of those entrusted with the bounty fund, Washington has been relieved from the apprehension of a forcible conscription under any of the present calls of the President for troops to aid in the suppression of the rebellion.

“We have therefore the proud satisfaction of knowing that our city has furnished its quota with as much alacrity and at

less expense than any other portion of the Union, silencing forever, I hope, the imputation so loudly and frequently cast upon our loyalty."

Mr. Wallach was reëlected, June 4, 1864, over Horatio N. Easby. Mr. Wallach received 4,087 votes; Mr. Easby, on the Workingmen's Unconditional Eight-Hour ticket, 1,689.

The evening of the election Mr. Wallach said:

"The result to-day is, I take it, an emphatic endorsement of my administration of this city for years past.

"It is an approval of the efforts that have been made to bring the blessings of the school system within the reach of all, and proves conclusively that, with me, you think the magnificent school structures which are now exciting the admiration of our sister cities are preferable to the miserably dilapidated old tenements which disgraced our city."

Mr. Wallach was the president of the Lincoln National Monument Association. The funds were derived from theater benefits, balls, picnics and excursions, and like methods. The consummation is the monument in front of the City Hall, likely, the first national memorial. The Association was formed April 28, 1865, in consequence of a resolution presented in the City Councils by Noble D. Larner. The secretary was Crosby S. Noyes, the treasurer George W. Riggs. Lott Flannery, who had been in the Confederate service, was the sculptor.

The first item the writer came upon he decided to report—this paper pertains to the period 1858–1867—is the account of the Sunday-School parade. It was May 24, 1858. It formed at 9:30 in the Smithsonian grounds. The Chief Marshal was William R. Woodward. These processions, composed of the Protestant Sunday-Schools, continued throughout and beyond the Civil War. The Catholic children may have had

theirs. The writer marched in one. He forgets the date. It may have been May, 1867. He remembers that the procession halted in the south grounds of the Executive Mansion. He also remembers that the schools separated and that his, the Fourth Presbyterian, continued to the church. And more, that on the lawn on the north side, the older girls and boys, who to him appeared grown-up ladies and gentlemen, and some of the officers and teachers became highly excited in their games, called Copenhagen, Clap-in and Clap-out, King William's Bridge and with other explosives there were explosives of laughter, and now and then a modest maid would attempt to run away never so fast or never in any direction but would make getting caught a certainty. The writer remembers that those older than himself seemed to take as much interest in their silly sports as he did in the table which had the ice cream and cake on it and the barrel which held the lemonade.

The Columbian College Scholarships.—The first granted was in 1855 and to Marion Bradley. The succeeding successful candidates were, in 1859, J. Abbott Moore; 1860, Oliver T. Thompson; 1861, Patrick McAuley; 1862, Joseph H. France; 1863, Elbert Turner; 1864, Faby Franklin. The grants were by different donors until donated regularly by Amos Kendall.

Royal Visitors.—Baron Renfrew and suite arrived in the city Wednesday afternoon, October 3, 1860. At the station back of the rail was a throng of the curious, without distinction as to sex. It was a question of state etiquette if the President should in person welcome the prospective king. It was solved by the Secretary of State, Mr. Cass, receiving the royal guest in the large hall of the depot, stating he had the pleasure of welcoming him in the name of the President and

would accompany him to the Executive Mansion. The President was in waiting to receive the party. Mr. Cass presented the royal guest to the President and immediately Lord Lyons, the English ambassador, introduced the others of the party. The next day at the noon hour the President gave a reception in honor of the Baron.

On the third day the Baron, with the President, Miss Lane, and his nephews, had an affectionate leave-taking, at which was expression, reciprocally, of regard personally and nationally. The hospitality to the Prince by the President and his household was grateful to Queen Victoria and her gratitude was proven by her friendliness to the Union during the war.

"He was then a peachy-cheeked, beardless boy, with blue eyes, light hair, slender, delicate frame, but the distinguishing nonchalance born of the consciousness he was a real swan and not an ugly duckling."—*The Evening Star*, August 15, 1901.

Of T. S. Donoho's poetic outburst is:

"THE PRINCE OF WALES.

England! Time's illumined story—
Touched by Shakspeare's wondrous hand,
Bordered with Miltonic flowers,
Chosen from the Eden land—
Pride of earth is thine—and ours!"

It was on Sunday, August 7, 1861, the Prince Napoleon with the Secretary of State and the French legation made a tour of the fortifications on the Virginia side in the vicinity of the Chain Bridge and reviewed the manœuvres of the troops. And on the next day visited the places of special interest in and about the city and in the evening dined with the Secretary of

State. The prince was Napoleon Joseph Charles Bonaparte, the son of Jerome, the brother of Napoleon the First. His mother was born Patterson and in Baltimore.

This is the initial paragraph of Mayor Berret's proclamation, November 16, 1859:

"Twenty-six States have already designated a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, and it seems peculiarly becoming, that the Capital of the Union should imitate a moral example which precept and practice have in a manner sanctified among our cherished usages. Impressed with the propriety of this duty, I recommend Thursday, the 24th instant, to be set apart for that purpose."

Sarah Josepha Hale was the pioneer editress. The loss of a husband with the heritage of five small children was undenying inducement to write. She was the editress of the *Ladies' Home Magazine* in Boston and *Godey's Lady Book* in Philadelphia and the compiler of a comprehensive "Dictionary of Poetical Quotations." She wrote, too, to amuse the children, who in countless number have repeated and will repeat the lines credited to her:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

Joseph Jackson, the historical writer of the *Public Ledger*, gave in its columns the facts the writer is giving and more that make a monument to her. She advocated unceasingly the establishment of the last Thursday of November as a National Thanksgiving Day.

"No change of administration escaped a letter from Mrs. Hale. She was writing letters and printing accounts of the

partial success of her proposition, but one thing after another appeared to put off the main feature of her plan."

The activities of the Civil War drew attention from all else until the decision at Gettysburg made a break in the war clouds. In the *Star*, October 5, 1863, is the first proclamation of a National Thanksgiving.

In the reorganization of the judiciary, the President, March 11, 1863, nominated Hon. David K. Cartter of Ohio Chief Justice, Hon. Abram B. Olin of New York, Hon. George P. Fisher of Delaware, and Judge Andrew Wylie of the former Criminal Court, Judges.

The Newsboys' Home was formally opened March 30, 1864. Professor Joseph Henry presided over the young ruffians. His wife was the secretary. The president was Mrs. Samuel Hooper. The wives of the highest in the government had all the offices. That was because of the gallantry of the men. The building, well equipped for the requirements, was on the east side of Seventh Street in Armory Square.

The Board of Trade of the District of Columbia held a meeting, November 8, 1865, in the Council Chamber, City Hall. George W. Riggs was the chairman. A week later the meeting was in the Trade Rooms, Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. At the first annual meeting, January 19, 1866, this organization was perfected: President, John H. Semmes; first vice-president, John T. Mitchell; second vice-president, Samuel Bacon; first director, George W. Riggs; other directors, John R. Elvans, Alexander R. Shepherd, Samuel Norment, William Orme, Richard M. Hall, James W. Colley, Joseph B. Bryan, Esau Pickrell, Matthew W. Galt, James L. Barbour and William H. Clagett.

The purposes of the Board, formulated by Mr. Elvans, were fixed to be: first, to meet daily for consultation and counsel; second, invite purchases and sales of pro-

duce and other goods by samples; third, to post descriptions of property to be sold at auction; fourth, sales of goods not susceptible of hand delivery by auctioneers in the rooms; fifth, selection of sites specially adapted to mercantile uses; sixth, prospectuses of joint stock companies to be posted, books of subscription to be opened in rooms; seventh, time tables and tariffs of transportation companies; eighth, daily quotations of funds, stocks and bonds.

The long-time residents of Washington, in accordance with a call, gathered at the Masonic Hall, Ninth and D Streets, the evening of November 30, 1865, to make an association. At this preliminary meeting were Edmund F. Brown, John F. Callan, Christopher Cammack, James Clephane, William Cooper, Dr. A. McD. Davis, Major Thomas S. Donoho, Fielder R. Dorsett, Edward M. Drew, Simeon Matlock, George Savage, B. O. Shekell, John Tretler, John Waters and Colonel John S. Williams.

The organization meeting was held in the Council Chamber, City Hall, December 7, 1865. Colonel Williams was the chairman, Mr. Callan secretary. Mr. Clephane presented the draft of a constitution, prefaced with a preamble, "anxious to cultivate social intercourse and unite ourselves more closely as original settlers of the District of Columbia, we have formed ourselves into an association. The name of the association is the Association of the Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia, and persons may be elected to membership who are fifty years of age and have been forty years a resident."

Colonel B. Ogle Tayloe claimed to be the oldest resident. The claim was admitted to entitle him to the presidency. The other officers elected: William A. Bradley and Colonel Peter Force, vice-presidents;

Nicholas Callan, treasurer; John Carroll Brent, corresponding secretary, and Dr. A. McD. Davis, recording secretary.

Those present signed the constitution, stating place of birth and time of settling in Washington:

B. Ogle Tayloe	William Young	James Clephane
Wm. A. Bradley	Edmund F. Brown	John Waters
Peter Force	Paulus Thyson	Joseph Bryan
Nicholas Callan	Christopher Cammack	George Savage
J. Carroll Brent	John H. Goddard	David Hepburn
A. McD. Davis	Chauncey Bestor	Jeremiah Hepburn
John S. Williams	Samuel Stettinius	Patrick Crowley
E. J. Mattingly	Thomas Donoho	John N. Ford
Fielder R. Dorsett	Edward Deeble	John H. Plant
John Coburn	Frank B. Lord	John Johnson
	John F. Callan	

The newspaper reports have always an item worth reporting. At the meeting February 6, 1866, Mr. Brent entered with Samuel Wells and introduced him as the oldest inhabitant. He settled August 28, 1790, that was before the city was laid out. At the meeting July 4, the same year, Mr. Donoho moved an appropriation of \$100 to the monument fund. Wisdom grows with age and as the treasury had in it in all \$13, the motion was rejected.

By a remarkable coincidence exactly one half of a century after its consummation, April 16, 1912, the Rev. Page Milburn read before the Columbia Historical Society "Emancipation of Slaves in the District." President Lincoln signed the bill and returned it to Congress with a brief message, of which:

"I have never doubted the constitutional authority of Congress to abolish slavery in this District, and I have ever desired to see the national capital freed from the institution in some satisfactory way. Hence there has never been in my

mind any question upon the subject, except the one of expediency, arising in view of all the circumstances."

Congress passed the enfranchisement of negroes in the District of Columbia. This, President Johnson, with cogent reason and temperate expression, vetoed. Congress, by a decisive vote on political party lines, passed the bill over the veto. The *Star*, January 8, 1867, says:

"Congress having thus reiterated its purpose in the matter, the citizens owe it to themselves to acquiesce with good grace in what is beyond their control and aid in giving the experiment a fair trial."

The Celebrated Trials.—The conspirators were tried under court-martial. The trial began May 10, 1865. The execution was July 8. Upon the fate of Mrs. Surratt there rests a shadow of sympathy; from tenderness towards woman, a reluctance to accept the guilt proven, and the regret that there was not some mitigation of the severity.

Henry Wirz was tried and executed in the summer of 1865 for cruelties at Andersonville prison. The defendant was ably defended by Louis Schade, of Washington, a German lawyer and journalist.

The trial of John H. Surratt was before Judge Fisher. It is notable for the high standard of jury intelligence; the jurors were the most prominent citizens.⁶ Joseph H. Bradley, Surratt's lawyer, had in an adjournment an altercation with the judge and was by him disbarred. The verdict was a disagreement, August 10, 1867.

Along in 1866 and 1867 are notices of the festivals

⁶ Wm. B. Todd	George A. Bohrer	C. G. Schneider
Robert Ball	Benj. F. Morsell	Benj. E. Gittings
J. Russell Barr	James Y. Davis	Wm. W. Birth
Thomas Berry	Columbus Alexander	Wm. McLean

of the German Target Association and the Schuetzen Fest which remind that the German gardens wherein were German sports with intervals of rest devoted to foamy lager and salty pretzels are unfortunately entirely of the past.

Before the Civil War the city had many rich; after the war these were richer and many other rich were added. All were rich in unmortgaged real estate. It was a constructive period. In the church history is that many congregations had new edifices. Of these within seven years are: the New York Avenue Presbyterian, the First Presbyterian, the Fourth Presbyterian, the Foundry M. E., the Calvary Baptist, Capitol Hill Presbyterian, St. Dominic, North Presbyterian, New Asbury (colored), the First Congregational and the Memorial Lutheran.

The Destructive Events.—A direful catastrophe was the explosion at the Arsenal, June 20, 1864.⁷ The Washington Infirmary, in Judiciary Square, was totally destroyed by fire, November 3, 1861. And by fire was destroyed, January 24, 1865, the picture gallery and other parts of the Smithsonian Institution. Lost were the effects of James Smithson, the founder, and the Indian portraits.

The stage was illumined by the brightest lights. To prove is to name: Edwin A. Southern, Edwin Forrest, Maggie Mitchell, E. L. Davenport, James E. Murdoch, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. D. P. (Elizabeth C.) Bowers, Laura Keene, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Rose Eytinge, Mme. Adelaide Ristori, Frank S. Chanfrau, John Brougham, John E. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Miles Levick.

More particularly during the earlier part of the war in the columns of the newspapers were poor puns and

⁷ The Arsenal Grounds. *The Evening Star*, December 27, 1902.

weak witticisms hitting upon it. These were much like sociability that arises between the pall-bearers on the melancholy ride to the tomb. The writer tarried to take one selection. It appeared June 8, 1861, and is founded on the information in the *Boston Traveller* that most of the shirts made by the ladies of the Hub for the volunteers were from four to six inches too short, and

“Like a man without a wife,
Like a ship without a sail,
The most useless thing in life
Is a shirt without a—proper length.”

This paper is garnered from the newspapers and more from the *Star*. W. D. Wallach, the editor of the *Star*, was the brother of the subject of this paper. Notwithstanding the relationship, the editor nowhere shows a favorable bias which might have been excusable in the times of unparalleled excitement.

Appeared from the press in 1860 “The Black Gauntlet: A Tale of Plantation Life in South Carolina.” The authoress is Mary Howard Schoolcraft, the wife of the Indian historian, Henry Rose Schoolcraft. It is a Southern story of the same style but in representation and purpose exactly opposite to “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” It is carried in elegance of expression, profundity of thought and wide scope of learning. A critic said “the ability with which Southern institutions are sustained must place it in the library of every son of the South.” She says in the dedication:

“I have for twenty years studied the Bible with more interest than any other book; yet from Genesis to Revelation, I cannot find a sentence that holds out the idea that slavery will ever cease while there are any heathen nations in this world; or indeed will ever cease in this present world; for in the final winding-up of all things, daguerrotyped to St. John in the Book of Revelations, we still find bondsmen alluded to

in very many places. . . . South Carolinians, you know, are 'old fogies,' and consequently *they* do not believe with the Abolitionists, that *God* is a progressive being."

To her opposing champion she has :

"I might, tis true, amuse my fancy like our daring, dashing, witty romancer, Mrs. Stowe, by imagining a millenial world, where all are born equal, where one man is not a dribbling idiot, and another a genius like Napoleon, Calhoun, or Webster."

Mrs. Schoolcraft wrote in printing characters, upright and square. The writing had striking oddity. The writer has watched her write—it was as if she was drawing. She was tall, stalwart. She was as a Titan goddess. Her features were classic and looks severe. Her black eyes burned and made the weak-eyed blink. Still the real estate brokers were not afraid of her. They persuaded her to trade her valuable residence, 1321 F Street, clear of debt, for equities in new residences in rows. Her spread-out interests she traded for like interests and from bettering herself she got so deep in debt there was no extrication. She finally knew the gnawing of hunger and the chill of freezing, and the writer verily believes she made herself a sacrifice to unbreakable pride and yielded her mortality to starvation.

Sojourner Truth was a negress, black as anthracite, otherwise of no African distinction except her dialect. Her features were sharp rather than broad. Her height was six feet and her physical development massive and regular. She was the inspiration of W. W. Story's "Libyan Sibyl," which was the most impressive of the nine hundred and one pieces of sculpture in the International Exhibition, London, 1862.

She was born a slave in Ulster County, New York, at the beginning of the American Revolution. Her

given name was Isabella. Her master having broken his promise of liberation as the reward of best possible service, she escaped. On the first day of her pilgrimage she halted at the door of a Quakeress for a drink of water.

"What is thy name?" asked the Quakeress.

"Sojourner," was the reply.

"Sojourner what?" asked the Quakeress.

And as by inspiration she replied, "Truth"; and to herself she spoke: "Thank you, God, that is a good name. Thou art my last Master, an' Thy Name is Truth, an' Truth shall be my abidin' name till I die."

Sojourner never learned to read or write. She advocated throughout the land on lecture tours abolition for the slaves, suffrage for the women, prohibition for everybody and the other reforms. She had confidence in the power of women which has had signal proof since her day, for said she: "Ef de fust woman God ever made was strong enough to turn de world upside down, all 'lone, dese togedder ought to be able to turn it back an' get it right; an' now dey is askin' to do it, de men better let 'em."

Frederick Douglas, in Fanueil Hall, at a crowded meeting spoke of justice to his race in a hopeless vein. Douglas seated, Sojourner rose. She, with deep voice, inquired: "Frederick, is God dead?"

It would take a paper to tell fully of Sojourner. She was received by Mr. Lincoln at the Executive Mansion. When ninety years of age she addressed the United States Senate on a plan to colonize the colored people in the west on a self-supporting basis. She lectured at Battle Creek when her years were more than a hundred. With age her hair from black turned to white, and two years before her death darkened. She lived to be 108 years of age and died at Battle

Creek, Michigan, 1879. She sold her photograph with the inscription: "I sell the shadow to support the substance."

To the historians and ethnologists Sojourner Truth is the most remarkable product of American slavery. When a young boy the writer heard the black Gamaliel in conversation give oracularly her opinions.⁸

Beau Hickman got the means to live by strictly attending to his kind of business and no other kind, that of a beat. He has created for himself a name which seems to wear well with time, although not created on creditable lines. He, when the writer saw him, was always near a column of the portico of the Metropolitan. Always energetically telling of his own exploits to an entertained group. His clothes were good, though of loud pattern. He was gaunt. His eyebrows and moustache were heavy and black. He looked the part of a slave driver as illustrated in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was carried as a pensioner on the payrolls of bankers and merchants with those who worked. On pay-days he said, "I am going to collect my revenues."

Ben. Perley Poore, in his "Reminiscences," gives an excellent likeness of Beau in a wood-cut. Poore says of him:

"He was fashionably, yet shabbily dressed, generally wearing soiled white kid gloves and a white cravat."

Poore must have had in mind Beau in his days of decline. Poore's further comment is:

"It was considered the proper thing to introduce strangers to the Beau, who thereupon unblushingly demanded his initiation fee and his impudence sometimes secured a generous fee."

⁸ *The Washington Post*, October 5, 1902.

General Green Clay Smith, a popular Congressman from Kentucky, told the writer he, like other new members, acceded to Beau's assessments, which after a few payments he decided to dishonor. Beau claimed he rose from the slashes of Hanover County, Virginia.

This is only an extract from "Old Beau Hickman," written for the *Evening Star*, August 15, 1901:

"Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas, and the Beau Hickman of Virginia made their first appearance in Washington city about the same time—somewhere between 1847 and 1850. I have seen them together many a time on the portico of Brown's Hotel, on Pennsylvania avenue, Beau discoursing, grimacing and gesticulating, while the old general sat listening silently under his huge sombrero, which fitted his giant figure most picturesquely. Old Sam was everlastingly whittling shingles, etc., of fine wood, and deftly and artfully shaping them into various semblances of utility or fancy, which he handed round, when completed, to the children, principally, or anybody who wanted them. What Houston's opinion of Beau Hickman was I cannot tell. He listened to his more or less sporty stories and received the narrative with the stolidity of 'The Last of the Mohicans.' His great, big, generous heart no doubt led him to frequently dispense the coin of the realm to the impecunious Beau. The latter, however, in those, his palmy days, was not so destitute as he was afterward. When he first appeared on promenade on Pennsylvania avenue he was attired as a Virginia colonel from head to foot. Like Edward VII he set the fashion. I was then in my salad days and aspired to be a dandy. The whole lot of us in 'our set' bought and wore and bowed to the ladies with tall, narrowing crown, very narrow rimmed silk hats, made by Todd, old Wm. B. and Jas. Y. Davis, his successor. It was quite the ticket, all the rage then, to pattern after poor old Beau Hickman. . . . Beau's costume when first he stepped upon the scene was, first of all, the Hickman hat; a blue cloth, broad-tailed, wide laped, high collared dress coat, glittering with brass buttons, before and behind; plaid pantaloons; a snowy white, ruffled shirt, stand-

ing collar, and the daintiest patent leather boots, fitting as immaculately as the kid gloves upon his hands, which held a slight switch cane. He used a gold eye-glass, and his walk was a combination of the Grecian bend and the Roman wriggle. Such was Beau at his zenith. What become of him afterward and happened to his remains is shockingly remembered by all old citizens. Beau never drank—not a drop. He always responded to an invitation by saying: ‘I never drink. I’m th’owed. I’ll take a good siggar.’ And to do him justice, he usually collared two, three, five or more.”

That Beau in his heyday was a model in dress for the sartorial sportive youth has corroboration in the theatrical advertisement in the *Star*, June 27, 1864:

“CANTERBURY HALL.

“*Beau Sickman or the Bushwhackers of the Potomac!*

“The Costumes have been made similar to those worn by the parties to be represented, in some cases have been, through strategy, procured from the persons themselves, thereby showing a determination to render the characters easily recognized by all.”

Beau Hickman’s unparalleled assurance is thus depicted in the *Worcester Spy*, April 2, 1861:

“The legend runs that Beau was once a gentleman, veritable beau—much upon the Brummel order, doubtless, but still a man of spirit and honor. If so alas! poor Yorick! Today he is anything but the ‘glass of fashion and the mould of form.’ No longer Hyperion, he is a Satyr of the seediest sort, body and soul. A metropolitan Jeremy Diddler, he picks up a precarious subsistence by levying a kind of blackmail upon visitors of all degrees, upon whom he falls, usually after this fashion: Two strangers stand together conversing in the hall at Willard’s. Beau, who keeps a sort of mental inventory of his victims, eyes them closely, becomes satisfied they have not yet contributed towards his support, and at once advances to the charge. Bowing politely, with a smirk upon his pinched face, he accosts Mr. Green:

“ ‘Ah! dear sir, how d’ye do? Glad to see you, really, believe I have not yet had the honor. Your name is—a—is—ah! (Waits for Mr. Green to announce it.)

“ ‘Ah! yes, of course; Green; of—a—of—ah—of—where did you say?’

“ ‘Ah! yes, exactly, of Massachusetts; yes; large family of you in that State. Yes—of course! my name is Hickman, *Beau* Hickman! Heard of me, of course—known all over the world—reside in Washington—man of large influence here; be very happy to be service, it’s a way I have, the custom here, always, among gentlemen, among *gentlemen!* to ah—to—in short, to contribute—that is, I usually collect a small tax—not much—mere trifle—dollar or two—or even half dollar—of course don’t exact it, but everybody pays it, you know; that is, every *gentleman*, cheerfully, and—ah, Oh, ah, yes! (as the coin is passed into the hand) obliged. Thank you; happy to have you call on me. Good evening.’

“And so on to the next member of ‘the large family,’ a pity, which disgust cannot stifle, generally prompting that donation. And thus, like a combination ghost of better days—a cross between Wm. Dorritt, Esq., the Marshelsea pensioner, and Alfred Jingle—this unhappy monumental shade of a past generation flits through a wretched life.”

At the bar of the Whitney House, close to the Senate end of the Capitol, where he had presented himself, Senator (Alexander) Ramsey (of Minnesota) to have a draught of that which cheers and stimulates, he found he was without the price. Beau Hickman promptly stepped forward and taking a roll of bills, in large denominations from his vest pocket, extended them in his open hands, like a cup, saying “Senator, help yourself.”⁹

It was a trick of Congressmen to give a new member a Hickman initiation. A little banquet was held. The new member and Beau were guests. The old

⁹ John Hartnett.

members, all of them, one by one slipped out. Beau would regale the new member with his stories, condescendingly. The best came last and as the new member roared with laughter Beau remarked: "Isn't that worth twenty dollars?" "Sure it is," agreed the new member, "it is worth fifty." "Then," said Beau, "why don't you pay it to me?" With this, a supposed witticism, the congressman laughed the louder. But Beau bore upon him, he was not joking, he was in earnest, it was the way he made his living. When the new member emerged into the hall the old members came out from their hiding places to join him.¹⁰

Beau, in the carnival on Pennsylvania avenue to celebrate its wooden pavement, astride a mule made a grotesque figure. And when the avenue was cleared for an inaugural parade and Beau was let out mounted on a long-legged, thin-bodied horse, a high hat on his head and a red ribbon across his chest, he, as he moved along alone, was a veritable reproduction of the Knight of La Mancha.

In the museum of the Hancock restaurant was a crook cane and a disreputable umbrella with placards on them, "Beau Hickman's." The cherished anecdote in connection therewith is that Beau ordered terrapin, reed birds and other delectables. The elaborate and expensive repast finished, he walked to the desk, laid his cane and umbrella upon it, pulled out his great green wallet as if to settle. He asked if Bowser had been in. The proprietor said he was not acquainted with Mr. Bowser. Beau, turning his toes in and making one leg shorter than the other, limped doorward, saying, "Why, he's the fellow who walks like this." Before the unsuspecting proprietor sized the situation, Beau was on the other side of the door.

¹⁰ William F. Roberts.

An innumerable throng of the respected have been forgotten as soon as the dirt was thrown on their coffins, yet the worthless Beau has a continuing celebrity—he was unique as a beat. Robert L. Hickman (“Beau”) died September 2, 1873.

Wallach School Building was dedicated Independence Day, 1864. With the Marine Band in the van, the various schools of the Third Division in procession marched to the new building. The schools, led by Professor Joseph H. Daniel, sang with fine effect the dedicatory hymn composed by Zalmon Richards. Major Benjamin B. French, Commissioner of Public Buildings, presented to the Mayor the keys of the noble building. He said it was indeed an ornament to the city and he congratulated the Mayor that it had been built under his administration and bore his name.

The Mayor, in part, said:

“Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees of the Public Schools:
As was natural on my induction into office as Chief Magistrate of the city, I sought to ascertain wherein I could make my administration most beneficial.

“Many projects of improvements readily suggested themselves to my mind, among them the advancement of our public school system.

“The growth and expansion of our city demanded an expansion of the means and appliances of education.

“That our own as well as the children of the thousands who were flocking to the metropolis of the Union might reap the advantage of that particular branch of the public interest you had in charge, rendered it imperative that we should improve the character and add yearly to the number of our school buildings, and that the enhanced character of the instruction you intended should be imparted should be met by an equally ample provision for the comfort and convenience of both scholars and teachers.

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“To suit these views a plan was prepared by those skillful architects, Messrs, Cluss and Kammerheuber, adopted by the committee, and a contract for the building awarded to Mr. Faulkner.

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“The symmetrical and beautiful structure, this new feature in our city, alike creditable to you and honorable to its citizens, the beginning of a benefit to posterity and the commencement of a new era of school house architecture in our midst, is a guarantee that a plan of buildings will for the future be adopted, better adapted in interior arrangements for the purpose intended, and in the external appearance and architectural beauty and proportions, ranking among the noble public edifices which meet the view on every hand, worthy of the city which bears so revered a name, the political Capital of this country and those to whom the custody of the nation’s city is committed, the people of Washington.

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“And now, on this, the natal day of our country, and most appropriate to the occasion, it cannot be but a proud reflection that in these times of national trouble and distress, when the strife of faction shakes and threatens the Government, that we are able to rear in the Metropolis of the Union this monument to our city’s honor, and to assure the country that whatever else we may be compelled to neglect or forego, our public schools will be the last to lose the fostering care of yourselves, those entrusted with the administration of the city, or the people of Washington.”

With spirit the school girls sang the ode written by Rev. Byron Sunderland. Hon. James W. Patterson, of New Hampshire, was the orator.

Mr. Wallach was the president, 1858, of the company plying steamboats between Washington and Alexandria.

Mayor Wallach, in a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, November, 1865, gives a résumé of his admin-

istrations. The city had established a paid fire department with the use of steam fire-engines and a fire-alarm telegraph system. The Mayor submitted an elaborate mode of sewerage devised by Messrs. Cluss and Kammerheuber. He also submitted a plan of parking the avenues at once, to reduce the cost of paving and to add to the beautification. It was a plan never adopted here. He advocated that the corporation under a Congressional grant erect a modern market house. This was done by private enterprise under such a grant. This paragraph refers to the Center Market.

Before and during the Mayoralty Mr. Wallach lived at the old homestead opposite the City Hall. Here abounded hospitality. Here Mr. Wallach and Mrs.

“In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.”—Dryden.

On New Year's Day came his constituents. Around his board gathered the nationally known. On an occasion of the guests were Hon. John J. Crittenden, Senator from Kentucky, and Charles Devens, subsequently Attorney-General. It was at the time of the agitation over the Sims fugitive slave case in Boston. Mr. Devens was the U. S. Marshal for Massachusetts. During the gossip Mr. Crittenden said: “Devens, you had better go home, or they'll get that negro from you.” That night about the hour of Mr. Crittenden's remark, Sims was abducted.

After his administrations, Mr. Wallach removed, 1866, to the corner house of the Minnesota Row, 201 I Street, which had been the residence of Stephen A. Douglass, and he retained the house on Louisiana Avenue for his law office. And finally he lived at 1801 I Street.

Dr. William Tindall, of Mr. Wallach, January 12, 1916, writes:



RESIDENCE OF RICHARD WALLACH, 456 LOUISIANA AVENUE.

"I know him *very* well. His geniality was proverbial. His impulses were always sympathetic, and to be helpful. He often called upon me at my office in the old District Building on 4½ street, and talked familiarly of his affairs. I recall the enthusiastic interest he took in his personal supervision of the education of his boy."

The writer remembers Mr. Wallach. As he passed along the streets he stopped to say something of personal interest to the acquaintance he chanced to meet. Wherever he was he held attention. He came as a breeze that lifts to life. All around knew he was in their midst.

Mr. Wallach was a Unitarian. His father was of the originators of the church of that faith in Washington.

The *Evening Star*, February 26, 1881, not many days preceding his death has under the headline "A NOBLE LIFE":

"He was a strikingly handsome man and was gifted with those graces of utterance and manner that made him a universal favorite. . . . A distinguishing feature of Mr. Wallach's official as well as his private life was its scrupulous integrity. The soul of honor himself, he would tolerate no dishonorable men about him. There never was a shadow of a shade of suspicion about any of his acts. While he was mayor the City Hall, which had previously acquired the bad name of 'the Buzzard's Roost,' was very unhospitable quarters for the noble army of jobbers and strikers. In appointing men to office he made fitness and integrity the first requisites.

"The symptoms of Mr. Wallach's disease¹¹ manifested themselves about two years ago, but it was only about six weeks ago that the attack took a threatening form. Until lately Mr. Wallach has been able to walk out, was greeted at every step he took by citizens of high and low degree with a cordiality that

¹¹ Muscular paralysis, hardening the spinal marrow.

showed the unusual love and respect for the generous, manly, kind-hearted, genial 'Dick Wallach.' "

The *National Republican*, the same date, has under the title "WAITING FOR DEATH":

"It is a work of supererogation to speak of Dick Wallach's good qualities. He entered public life at a very early age, was constantly before the people, did his duty thoroughly and well on every occasion, and had scarcely an acquaintance who was not a friend. Singularly generous, kind-hearted, and genial, he commanded the respect and affection of all who knew him. As a citizen he was enterprising, energetic, liberal, laboring zealously and faithfully for the city, which appreciated his efforts on her behalf. He has been a landmark of the District for many years, and his death will be as sincerely mourned by as large a host of friends as that of any man's that has hitherto occurred in this city."

Richard Wallach died Friday morning, March 4, 1881, at one o'clock. The funeral service was at his late residence, 1801 I Street. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Douglas F. Forrest, associate pastor of Trinity Church. The interment was in Oak Hill Cemetery. It was noted of those present at the services were the Commissioners of the District, ex-Mayor Berret, Wm. W. Corcoran, Joseph H. Bradley and generally the officials of the old corporation of Washington.

At the meeting of Public School Board Benjamin G. Lovejoy offered the memorial resolutions, and John H. Brooks, a colored member, seconded them. Mr. Brooks commented upon the kindness of Mr. Wallach to the colored race and claimed it owed him a debt of gratitude.

Mrs. Wallach lived until January 16, 1916. It is said of her that her home was "the center of a brilliant hospitality and the rendezvous of the most inter-

esting men and women of the country," and that she was "especially gifted in music" and "was a patron of the best artists." She was survived by her children: Marshall Brown, Richard and Captain Robert, U. S. A., Mrs. Woodbury (Emily Neville) Blair, Mrs. Edward A. (Mary A.) Mitchell, and Mrs. John H. (Rosa Douglass) Merriam.